

This Is Where You're Meant To Be by phantasmic-reylo

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Summary: Modern Day AU: AGED UP CHARACTERS (they are 18). Richie Tozier invites Eddie Kaspbrak into his room, into bed, to watch a movie on Netflix. Underlying sexual tension which leads to more. DELICIOUS LEMONS INSIDE!

1. Movie Night

This is my first work in the "IT (2017)" fandom. These characters are aged up to 18, so no I am not sexualising children, calm down. Also, its modern day, and Pennywise never happened. Just two beautiful gay boys getting hot for each other,

Enjoy! If you don't enjoy/approve, look away :P

Chapter One: Movie Night

The two boys stare at the laptop screen, barely paying attention to the movie that plays out before them. Both are much more interested in the other boys' presence.

It's a Friday night and Richie has invited Eddie over to watch a movie with him. His parents are at home, mindlessly glued to the television set, both practically asleep on the sofa. Richie leads Eddie up to his bedroom and carefully shuts the door.

For the longest time, there had been some mild sexual chemistry between the two boys. It wasn't something they had ever addressed though. They'd always been close friends so coming over to watch a movie wasn't all that unusual.

They kick off their shoes and climb onto the bed as Richie puts Netflix on the laptop. The two boys smile at each other before settling down to watch a movie. Richie's bedside lamp is on, but just as the movie starts, he leans over and switches it off.

Eddie watches him, nerves slowly building. He often wonders if the chemistry he feels with Richie is one-sided, or whether the taller boy feels it too. He stares at Richie, eyes questioning.

"More cosy in the dark don't you think?" Richie says.

Eddie smirks at his friend, "I guess..."

Richie stares blankly at the screen before a shiver runs over his body. "Brr, I'm cold though," he says before beginning to climb under his

bed covers.

Eddie thinks that there's a distinct change in the atmosphere. Richie turns to look softly at Eddie, lips parting, "Are you cold too?"

If that isn't a fucking invite, Eddie doesn't know what is!

Eddie isn't really feeling the cold, but he suddenly wants more than anything to be under the bed covers with Richie in that moment. *Is that weird?* He muses. He wonders in what capacity Richie was asking him that question.

They'd had sleepovers as kids, which fizzled out naturally when they were around 14 years old. They were now 18 and still hung out all the time, which regularly included movie nights. Sometimes with their friends, the other Losers, sometimes just the two of them.

Whenever they were alone, Eddie noted, lying on Richie's bed or even on the sofa if Richie's parents were out, the two boys tended to get pretty close, their legs or their arms almost touching. It was never very obvious and always so slight that Eddie wondered if it was his imagination.

But they'd never actually *intentionally* gotten close or touched. Or at least that's what Eddie thought. Unless there was intention on Richie's part. The idea of which sent Eddie's mind into overdrive.

But now here's Richie, **inviting** him into his bed. Whatever that means, Eddie isn't sure. But he can't ignore the feeling stirring deep in his belly.

Eddie looks into Richie's eyes, admiring his beautiful high cheekbones, his full lips and curly dark hair. Even his dumb Coke-bottle glasses. Eddie just thinks they're cute. He's overcome with the urge to touch Richie. To put his hand on his cheek and caress it with his thumb.

Eddie wonders how best to answer. He thinks that he should tell Richie he's fine and to just carry on watching the movie. Is that what he is going to do? Or is he going to follow his feelings and take the opportunity which is being presented to him?

"I guess it's a little chilly" Eddie finally answers. He stares straight at Richie before making any movements. "Should I...?" he asks, looking down at the bed.

Richie pulls back the duvet, "Get under here." he tells his friend as he smiles. Eddie returns his smile before he dubiously climbs into bed. Eddie had been slightly unsure before, but now there's a **definite** change in the atmosphere. Eddie tries his best to keep his game face on.

He stares straight ahead again at the laptop, having no damn idea what is going on in what they are watching. In all honesty, he isn't even really looking at the screen. His gaze may appear to be straight ahead of him, but he can't stop looking at Richie in his peripheral vision.

Eddie's heart goes up into his throat when he feels Richie inch closer to him. He is too scared to look at the other boy. Richie snuggles up under the bed covers, pulling the duvet up to his chin. The movie plays on as Richie slowly turns his body towards Eddie, allowing his head to fall onto his arm.

Eddie takes a deep breath, his heart thumping wildly. He can feel Richie's soft curls brushing against his arm. He feels as though they have entered a whole other dimension, where the constructs of their friendship don't exist. Where the complications don't exist. Where the pressures and expectations from society don't exist.

There is just Eddie and Richie. Eddie can feel the other boy's warm body pressed against him and it really just *does* something to him. He can't believe how close he is to Richie Tozier. There have only ever been slight touches, the brushing of hands, things that are barely even noticeable. But now, Richie is definitely pressing himself into Eddie.

Richie's hand slips along underneath the cover to find Eddie's. When he does, Eddie lets out a small, quiet yelp. Richie laces his fingers through Eddie's. Eddie's heart feels like it's beating 10 times faster than usual. He feels so alive with energy!

Okay, so this is new. They've never held hands before, but Eddie

rather likes it. He swears to God that this is a dream and he's about to wake up alone in his own bed, utterly devastated and disappointed.

An amazing warmth spreads all over his body and it has nothing to do with being snuggled into a duvet. Eddie can't help himself, he moves his head slightly to look down at Richie. Richie's eyes are sparkling, looking up at Eddie. He smiles shyly down at Richie, who can't stop staring.

It doesn't occur to either of them to speak about what is going on. Somehow, they are under a magic spell and neither of them wants to break that by doing something ridiculous like *talking* about it!

There is no mistaking the energy between the two boys, who have long forgotten about whatever was on Netflix. As Richie's thumb strokes along the delicate, soft skin of Eddie's, Eddie can feel himself getting hard. He shuts his eyes and takes a deep breath. *No, no, not that, please not now.* He wills his erection to go away.

Eddie is nervous as hell. He doesn't know what to do next. Luckily for him, he doesn't have to decide. He opens his eyes again, seeing Richie taking off his glasses and putting them on his bedside, without taking his gaze from Eddie. Eddie can tell that Richie is breathing pretty heavily himself now.

Eddie stares down at Richie, taking in his gorgeous features, desperate to put his hand on his face, to hold him close, to kiss him, to feel his body on his. His cock begins to ache, a strong pulling feeling in his groin, wanting and **needing** friction. He tries to ignore the ache in his pants, instead focusing on Richie's beautiful face.

Richie swallows hard and licks his lips before moving his head slowly forward and up to Eddie. Richie stops for a moment, simply staring into Eddie's eyes, perhaps giving one final chance for Eddie to put a stop to this. Richie isn't entirely sure that this is what Eddie wants, but he has a pretty good idea. He is confident he hasn't mistaken their energy.

Richie's lips are mere centimetres away from Eddie's mouth. Eddie looks Richie up and down, his heart beating out of his chest, Richie's hand still gripping onto the smaller boy's. Richie wastes no more time

and slowly moves forward, feeling his and Eddie's breath between them, his body going numb as he presses his lips softly into Eddie's. Eddie feels as though his heart has completely stopped.

Their lips close around each other's, a kiss so soft, Eddie feels like he is flying. He can't believe this is actually happening. His hand grips tightly around Richie's. Richie presses his mouth into Eddie's, his tongue gently probing at Eddie's lips. Eddie responds, his mouth opening slightly to let Richie's tongue in.

Eddie thinks this is the most erotic kiss he has ever had in his life. He's certain his cock is fully hard now. To be fair, he's only ever kissed 2 people, both of them girls, one as a 'test', the other in the school play. Both of them did nothing for him, one of the main reasons Eddie realised he wasn't into girls.

Richie pulls away, breathing hard and deep, while looking at Eddie in a way Eddie has never seen before. Before Eddie knows what's happening, Richie is climbing on top of him, both of them breathing erratically. Richie is as hard as a rock and Eddie can feel it on his thigh.

"Holy shit!" Eddie exclaims, throwing his head back a little. If feeling Richie Tozier's hard-on wasn't the hottest thing he has ever experienced.

"Are you okay?" Richie asks. "Did I do something wrong?"

"No... no... it's just..." Eddie is scared. Overwhelmed. Excited. He has never done anything like this before. It's so new and scary. But everything just feels so right.

"We can stop if you want?" Richie offers.

And in that moment, Eddie thinks he falls for Richie **hard**. "No... I don't want to stop."

Richie keeps his expression neutral. "Me neither." They gaze at one another before Richie moves in for another kiss. Eddie can't help but sink into it. Their lips brush together as Richie's hands begin roaming up Eddie's chest, Richie's tongue making its way back into Eddie's

mouth.

Richie's lips move from Eddie's mouth, across his cheek and down to his neck. Eddie moans as Richie kisses softly into his skin. The moan is like sweet music to Richie's ears, and he's fumbling with Eddie's shirt, pushing it up, trying to get his hand underneath it so he can stroke Eddie's body.

Eddie's hands grip onto Richie's hips. It's the boldest move he's made so far and he hears Richie moan into his neck. Richie's wet lips are sucking softly on Eddie's neck, moving down to his collarbone and back up again, before Richie moves his lips close to Eddie's ear. "You're so hot, Eds." Richie whispers as he finally gets his hands on Eddie's body, stroking up and down his chest, his fingers lightly rubbing around Eddie's nipples before moving further down.

Eddie sighs and moans all at once, "Fuck, Rich!" And Richie is back to sucking gentle hickies onto his friend's neck, causing rippling goosebumps to travel down Eddie's body. Eddie is desperate to grab onto Richie's hair, and before he knows it, he has one hand on Richie's back, very quickly moving its way down to his ass, whilst the other pushes into Richie's curls. Richie moans softly when he feels Eddie's firm grip on his hair. A moan that does not go unnoticed by Eddie or his already stiff cock, which convulses in excitement.

He quickly figures out that Richie rather *likes* getting his hair pulled. Something which Eddie's brain can't fully process right at that second.

Eddie realises he and Richie are grinding their hips together, and it's nothing like Eddie has ever felt before. And suddenly this is all he ever wants to do, forever. To be in bed with Richie, kissing and grinding, all hard and hot and heavy, wet lips, hot tongues, the biting, the friction. He wants it all. And more.

Richie gets caught up in the heat of the moment, something Eddie is eternally grateful for, and pulls off the smaller boy's shirt, chucking it onto the floor before returning his mouth to Eddie's hot skin. Eddie grabs Richie's ass, which causes Richie to moan and grind into Eddie's hips hard. Both boys can feel their cocks almost touching, and its fucking intoxicating.

Richie kisses his way down from Eddie's collarbone to his chest, before kissing around his belly and moving back up to kiss Eddie on the lips. Richie's hands move further south, tracing his fingers along Eddie's stomach and down to the top of his jeans. He pulls back from kissing, and Eddie looks at him, thinking Richie has never looked more fucking beautiful than he does in that moment, hair all mussed, lips pink and swollen, cheeks red. Eddie nonchalantly tugs at Richie's shirt. Richie complies immediately, pulling it off and dropping it to the floor.

How Richie wishes he and his friend weren't both wearing jeans. The friction of their grinding feels amazing, but all too restrictive. Without taking his eyes from Eddie, Richie slowly strokes his finger down to the top of Eddie's jeans, beginning to play with the button there.

Eddie's cock twitches and he watches carefully as Richie puts a finger on the button. Richie looks up at Eddie for approval. Eddie, mouth parted wide and breathing heavily, nods down at his friend. Richie slowly unbuttons Eddie's jeans before sliding the zipper down. Eddie's cock pushes through the gap, still sheathed in his underwear.

Richie looks up at Eddie who is gasping and already throwing his head back. Richie starts off slowly, clutching his fingers to Eddie's hard-on, stroking the outline, feeling and seeing the tip pressing into his boxers, a wet patch forming on the fabric. Richie bites his lower lip. He's never been with a guy before, and if he's honest with himself, no other guy really interests him at all, but there is just something about his chemistry with Eddie that he cannot shake. And everything they are doing feels so fucking hot and natural, he just can't help himself.

Richie unzips his own jeans, pushing them down to his ankles before tugging Eddie's down a bit more. Richie can't help staring at Eddie while he lazily begins to trace his fingers over the smaller boy's cock, the outline of which is becoming more apparent by the second. Richie thinks he may well be **addicted** to watching Eddie, seeing his facial expressions every time Richie touches him.

Richie gradually slides Eddie's boxers down a fraction, hearing Eddie take a sharp gasp as the tip of his cock is exposed. Richie looks down,

seeing the hot, swollen head, all wet and messy with pre-come, which makes his own cock flutter with anticipation. Richie gently begins stroking the tip with his fingers. Before long, he is unable to take much more and he pulls Eddie's boxers all the way down, exposing him fully.

Eddie looks down at Richie, whose eyes are glazed over with lust, cheeks burning. Both boys still don't want to do much talking, but Richie is conscious of constantly checking in with Eddie, to make sure he's okay with everything that's happening. Eddie fucking loves him for that. And so, before Richie continues, he gives that questioning look to Eddie again.

"Touch me." Eddie whispers in confirmation.

Richie raises his eyebrows to say "Are you sure?" And Eddie responds with a look of his own which says "If you don't touch me, I'm going to go insane."

Richie smirks at his friend before wrapping his hand fully around his cock, the warmth sending electric pulses through Eddie's body. Eddie looks down to see Richie laying in a perfect little heap in Eddie's lap, gazing up at Eddie with those beautiful fuck-me eyes, his hair falling into his face.

Eddie parts his legs to give the other boy a bit more room. Richie snakes forward, his hand slowly sliding up and down Eddie's erection, with Eddie every few moments sighing in bliss, allowing his head to drop back. But not before he feels the urge to look back at Richie again. Every new thing that Richie does, Eddie thinks is the most amazing thing he's ever seen and felt. And now it's having Richie lying between his legs, stroking his cock.

Eddie is a little shy about Richie seeing him in all his glory. Up until a few hours ago, the two had never even acknowledged the chemistry between them, never touched, never held hands, never kissed, and now the taller boy is giving Eddie a hand-job in Richie's bed. Eddie bites his lip and pinches his eyes shut, feeling his dick becoming harder in Richie's hand.

Richie is in his element. He's never wanted to do these things with

anyone else before, and now suddenly, it is all he wants to do. With Eddie. He is fascinated by Eddie's cock, staring at the way it stands straight up, even without the aid of his hand. He loves how it has a beautiful, natural curve. He loves the thick, prominent veins which run up and down the sides and the way it feels in his hand, how it appears to stiffen even further when he touches it. The head is thick and big and throbbing, pre-come oozing from the tip, almost making Richie's mouth drool.

Shit, when did another dude's... *stuff* make his mouth feel dry and thirsty? Since the underlying sexual tension that has always been there with Eddie Kaspbrak suddenly pushed itself to the surface, he thinks. That's when.

Richie jerks Eddie at a medium pace, not wanting him to get too excited too soon. However, Richie's own cock presses against his underwear in an almost painful manner. He needs some kind of friction and soon.

Richie and Eddie's gazes meet, Eddie's gasps coming thick and fast. Eddie feels like he might blow any minute and he is trying everything in his power to keep it together. To think of other things at the crucial moment. He doesn't want this to be over yet, but it just feels so damn good.

Richie moves his head forward, his lips hovering close to the tip of Eddie's cock. Eddie knows if Richie puts his mouth on him, he is going to lose it for sure.

"Rich..." Richie looks up, "Rich... I... I'm close... really fucking close."

"Good." The curly-haired boy smirks.

"No... I, I don't want... not yet.. what about you?"

"Don't worry about me."

"I don't want this to be over yet."

Richie nods in understanding.

"Plus... I'm... kinda curious." Eddie is blushing. He can't believe these

words are actually coming out of his mouth.

"About me?" Richie smirks.

"Fucking DUH!" Eddie answers. Richie laughs and just like that, most of the tension is gone. Not that he hadn't been enjoying it, if he is honest.

But now, Richie feels a little more comfortable, and so he sits up and moves the laptop, which had been teetering on the edge of the bed, to the floor. He then grabs onto Eddie's jeans and pulls them off completely. Richie then climbs back into bed, pulling the covers tightly around him as he lies down on top of Eddie.

Eddie's excitement and nerves show as he gasps again, feeling their groins meeting once more.

"Is this okay?" Richie checks in.

"More than okay." Eddie confirms. They cuddle up close and tight, soon resuming their kissing, Richie tracing his tongue ever so lightly over Eddie's lips and tongue, the sensations feeling slightly more erotic than before.

Eddie grinds his hips hard into Richie with his hands on his ass, pulling him in closer and closer. "Fuck... Rich."

Richie wraps his arms around the smaller boy, holding him close and tight to his body, wanting nothing more than to protect him, his little Eddie Spaghetti.

But little Eddie doesn't seem so little anymore when he pushes Richie off of him, making the two boys lie side by side as they face each other. Eddie tugs at Richie's boxers, urging him to take them off. Richie soon complies, pushing them down to his ankles and kicking them away.

Eddie isn't so good with non-verbal communication so he looks at Richie before saying, "M-may I?"

Richie lets out a breath, "Please Eds," he whines with a desperate look on his face. That's when Eddie realises, Richie really does want this as

much as he does.

Eddie inches closer to his friend, eyes locked on each other as Eddie pushes one hand into Richie's hair as the other begins exploring underneath the covers. He notices Richie beginning to tremble when he lightly grips onto his curls.

Richie's eyes flutter closed, "Fuck!" he exclaims.

"You really like that don't you?"

"You have no idea." Richie answers. Eddie's hand searches underneath the duvet before finding the bare skin of Richie's body. Eddie allows his fingers to lazily caress the taller boy's stomach. He can't believe how hot his skin feels under his touch. Eddie wants to feel Richie's cock so badly, but his nerves are almost getting the better of him. He keeps taking deep breaths and holding back.

"Eddie," Richie whines in desperation. Richie is grinding his hips forward, *needing* Eddie's hands on him. Eddie's hesitancy gets the better of him and Richie decides to take control. Eddie almost loses his mind when, all at once, Richie leans forward to capture him in a wet kiss while simultaneously grabbing Eddie's hand and putting it on Richie's dick.

"Uhhh!" Richie moans out at how good it feels to finally get his friend's hand on him. Eddie's cheeks are flushed red as he melts into Richie.

"Fuck, Rich."

"Sorry, I just... I needed to feel you."

"I don't really know what I'm doing, Rich." Eddie confesses, terrified he's going to do... whatever this is wrongly and embarrass himself.

"Same as when you... You know... To yourself." Richie answers. Eddie still looks unsure.

Richie reaches his hand down and gently takes hold of Eddie's, closing both of their fists around Richie's throbbing cock, helping Eddie, guiding him, showing him exactly how he likes to be touched.

Before long, Eddie has the rhythm down and Richie slowly retreats his hand, letting Eddie do it by himself.

Richie is in a utopia of pleasure at the feel of Eddie's hot little hand around him. His head falls back as Eddie strokes his cock up and down, twisting his fist around his shaft, slowing down every few seconds to thumb at the head, spreading the pre-come around with it.

"Uh, fuck yes, that's amazing, Eds..." Richie groans.

Although it feels out of this world, Richie suddenly gets a better idea, and before Eddie can carry on, Richie's hand moves down to take over. Eddie looks taken aback as Richie puts a hand on himself, perhaps thinking he isn't doing a good enough job.

Richie shuffles forward and quickly takes Eddie's cock into his grasp, while still holding onto himself. Suddenly both boys feel the hotness of their cocks rubbing together, as Richie manages to hold both of them tightly in his grip, slowly stroking them together at the same time.

"Oh, Jesus Christ!" Eddie moans. Richie's face is so close to Eddie's now. Richie places a tender kiss on Eddie's lips as he jerks them both off together at a decent pace, before resting his forehead against Eddie's.

It is the most intimate and erotic moment of Richie's life so far.

"How... How did you learn this?" Eddie asks.

"Didn't. Just thought it'd feel good." Richie's strokes are getting faster and faster. Eddie can't concentrate on anything but the feel of Richie's cock rubbing up against his own.

Richie pulls back the bed cover so that they can both get a good look.

It's the first time Eddie actually sees Richie's cock and he is stunned by how gorgeous he finds it. All hard and red-looking, compared to the rest of his pale body.

Eddie is struggling with every fibre of his being to hold it together. He squeezes his eyes closed.

"Eddie... Eddie look... Look at us... Together."

"Yeah... I... Uh... I see it, Rich. Struggling over here."

Richie presses his lips to Eddie's ear, licking the outer shell of it, before whispering "Just let go, Eds, it'll feel so good."

Eddie looks down and that's all it takes. Seeing their cocks moving together, hard and ready to explode, Eddie can't hold on. His body shudders, he gasps and moans as he comes hard all over Richie's cock and hand, his mouth widening as he does, his warmth flowing down both of them.

Richie is high on Eddie's whining noises, scooping up ropes of come to use as lube on himself. It all becomes too much for the taller boy, the sight of what he is doing sending him over the edge as he too lets go and comes onto Eddie's still-hard cock not moments later.

Richie's hand begins to slow down as he finishes stroking them both through their pleasure, come staining Richie's hand as well as both of their stomachs and groins.

Eddie is in post-coital bliss, his eyes closed, his head thrown back onto the pillow. Richie's hand finally stops, and he doesn't quite know what to do with it or himself. He too enjoys his post-sex high. He eventually snuggles into the softness of Eddie and the bed. Eddie still has his eyes shut, with his arm draped across his face.

Richie cosies up close to Eddie, wanting to cuddle. Eddie eventually opens his eyes to look at him. "Richie, we should... uh, clean up."

Richie stares at Eddie like he's positively head-over-heels in love. "Yeah, we will, Eds. I just... just wanna be with you in this moment for a little while."

Eddie can understand that and leans forward to kiss Richie softly before he wraps his arm around the taller boy, pulling him close to his body, the sensation of skin-on-skin feeling absolutely euphoric. "Okay... but don't call me Eds."

Richie looks up and smirks.

"We should do movie night every Friday." Eddie smiles cheekily, holding Richie so close he swears he can feel his heartbeat.

Richie closes his eyes and rests his head back on Eddie's chest, "We should do movie night every **night!**"

2. Stay With Me

Richie treats Eddie to his first ever blowjob...

Chapter Two: Stay With Me

Eddie Kaspbrak opens his eyes, moving one hand up to rub at them. He hadn't realised he'd even fallen asleep. His eyes wander around the room and it takes him a moment to recognise his surroundings. A glow from the middle of the room catches his attention and he looks in its' direction.

A laptop. Then it all comes flooding back. He's in Richie Tozier's house... *oh...* in Richie Tozier's bed... *oh yeah that's right*, he grins to himself, before he turns his head a quarter-inch to the left to see Richie sitting up in bed, eyes fixed on the laptop.

Eddie realises Richie has one arm wrapped around him and it makes him feel warm and protected.

Richie looks down at Eddie a moment later, smiling softly. "Hey you." Richie says affectionately. Eddie looks up, seeing Richie's half-broken glasses back in their rightful place on the edge of his nose. Richie 'Trashmouth' Tozier has many voices but Eddie has never heard him speak that way, in that particular tone, in that particular voice. He rather likes it.

"Hey you." Eddie's hand is laying on top of the cover. Just... laying there. Richie notices and moves his own hand slowly forward to weave his fingers into Eddie's. Eddie's heart jumps a little. Holding hands with Richie is one of the most natural and awesome things he's ever felt in his life. He loves the fuzzy feeling it gives him inside.

They stare at each other lovingly. "How long have I been out?" Eddie asks.

"About an hour, Sleeping Beauty." Richie replies, his thumb once again beginning to stroke Eddie's hand.

Eddie lets out a sigh of relief. He can't fall asleep and end up staying over at Richie's. His mother would kill him. Sonia Kaspbrak is not tolerant of Eddie's choice in friends, particularly Richie. She looks at him like he's something she scraped from the bottom of her shoe. Richie doesn't mind, most people treat him like that. Well, he minds a little; it still stings somewhere inside, but he pushes the feelings deep down and away. Plus, all that matters is that he gets to hang out with Eddie.

Eddie knows how his mother feels, but he would never turn his back on any of his friends. That's just not who he is. She can exert a certain amount of control over him, he realises. But he refuses to let her decide who he can and can't be friends with. Surprisingly, when Eddie stands up to his mother, she always tends to back down.

"You can stay over if you want." Richie offers.

Eddie gives him a "Are you fucking retarded?" look. The almost hopeful smile quickly fades from Richie's face.

"I know... it was a long shot."

"You know I'd love to, but you also know how my mom is... and what about your parents?"

"My parents wouldn't notice if I had a fucking circus up here, Eds. Well... at least not until the whiskey wears off."

Eddie's heart pinches. They don't ever talk about the fact Richie's parents are raging alcoholics who basically ignore and neglect their son.

Eddie tries to plaster on a smile for Richie. "Well, shall we try and watch another movie?" He suggests, attempting a distraction.

A slow, devious smile spreads across Richie's face.

"What?" Eddie asks.

"Or we could just do more of this..." Richie trails off before he leans down and places a soft kiss on Eddie's lips, his fingers pushing further forward into Eddie's grasp. Eddie responds immediately to the kiss,

his heart jumping, his brain melting all over the place.

When Richie slips his tongue inside Eddie's mouth, Eddie feels something stirring down below. *Jesus, again?!* He thinks to himself.

Eddie groans a happy sigh against Richie's mouth, their tongues sliding over and around each other before he snuggles into his chest. Richie wraps his arms around Eddie, holding him tightly. Richie loves holding onto the smaller boy, and Eddie loves the feeling of being protected by Richie.

"I really like this." Eddie murmurs, feeling a warmth spread all through his body, down to his toes.

"Me too." Richie sighs, his fingers stroking Eddie's shoulder, his hand slipping into a comfortable spot on Eddie's neck, holding him here, his touch reaching the back of his head, feeling his soft hair graze his fingertips. Richie shuffles down so that he is more level with the smaller boy, coming face-to-face with Eddie. Eddie's eyes are closed but Richie just carries on staring at him anyway.

Richie gently kisses Eddie's nose, eliciting a chuckle from the smaller boy. Eddie opens his eyes, seeing Richie staring at him, high on the feeling that no-one has **ever** looked at him this way before.

"Do we um... Do you wanna talk about this, or?" Richie asks nervously.

Eddie shrugs, "Do we need to?"

"No... Not if you don't wanna."

"Is, uh... Is this something that's always kinda been there? Or...?" Eddie is nervous for Richie's answer.

Richie is a little thrown at the question. His face carries a mixture of worry and uncertainty. Before long, his expression softens. "Eds... Think we both know it always has."

Eddie's cheeks warm up and he smiles warmly but says nothing. He's satisfied with Richie's answer.

Richie falters, a look of worry still present on his face, "Um... Is that, uh... what I mean is," he stumbles nervously, his fingers scratching at the back of his head, eyes dipping away from Eddie. "Is that how you feel?" he rushes out before looking back at his friend.

"Yeah of course!" Eddie tries to reassure the older boy, "Rich... I... I've always..." he licks at his dry lips trying to bring moisture back into them. "Rich..." he slows down and closes his eyes, unable to look at Richie just then. "I've known I was gay since I was 10. I dunno what this thing is between us but all I know is that it feels... Right. And it has done for years. You're the person I'm closest to out of everyone."

Richie has a serious look on his face but with a hint of a smile, "That's how I feel. I er... I don't really want this to be like, a fling... I'm not really sure what my sexuality is..." he squeezes Eddie's hand, "but, all I know is you're the only one I wanna do this stuff with."

And with that the boys are done talking about it. As if sensing that they are in for a make-out session, Richie slides his glasses from his face again and places them back on the nightstand. Eddie is the one to make a move this time, making a fist in Richie's shirt, roughly pulling him towards him, feeling Richie's dry, chapped lips against his soft, delicate ones. Eddie doesn't mind. He just likes kissing Richie.

"Mmm," Richie moans lowly into Eddie. They slip further down the bed, kissing slowly before Richie climbs on top of Eddie, pulling the bed covers around them. Both boys are just in their underwear, not having bothered to put their jeans back on from before and Eddie can feel that Richie is hard again and Eddie is pretty much almost there himself.

Richie ruts his hips against Eddie, their cocks almost touching. Richie pushes his face into Eddie's neck, whispering "Your cock feels so good against me." before tonguing his neck and ears. Eddie gasps, feeling himself getting hotter at Richie's filthy talk. And that damn tongue!

Richie takes Eddie's face in his hands before peppering his cheeks, nose and mouth with more soft kisses. Eddie giggles, exploring Richie's neck and ears, both boys enjoying the absolute euphoric feeling of discovering each other's bodies. Eddie slowly slides his

fingers into Richie's scalp, remembering how he liked having his hair pulled. Eddie starts lightly, gently tugging the older boy's curls.

Richie moans a bit louder, "Fuck yeah, Eds" while he thrusts into Eddie. He leans back to look at the younger boy. "Have you... Uh... Ever had a blowjob?"

Eddie can't believe the filthy words coming out of Richie's mouth. His face blushes crimson before he stammers, "Eh, no. No. Why, have you?"

"No... but I'm more of a giver really," Richie replies confidently, with a bit of a shrug.

"Oh..." Eddie replies, getting the impression Richie has *given* one to someone before. He gets a jealous pang in his heart. Richie must be able to read him like a book, because he quickly jumps in with, "I mean... I just imagine I would be. I haven't ever..."

Eddie relaxes again, and smiles before silencing his friend with a kiss. He doesn't know why it's important, and maybe it's not, but the idea that he and Richie experience all this stuff for the first time together, just feels magical to him. His heart can't deal with the image of Richie on his knees, giving some random guy a quick blowjob in a carpark or down an alleyway, or some other sordid location.

Richie looks at Eddie with those fuck-me eyes before purring, "You want one?" All while softly rutting into Eddie's hips and stroking his face with the edge of his thumb.

Richie has already begun to slide down Eddie's body. He stops halfway, waiting patiently for Eddie's consent to continue.

Eddie swallows thickly, his cock throbbing. He would never have asked Richie to do it but now, more than anything in the world, all he wants is to have Richie's mouth on him. He stares down at Richie, lips parted, breath panting hotly, before he finally begins nodding.

Richie looks like all his Christmases have come at once, his eyes almost popping from his head. Eddie can't get over the fact that Richie wants to *give* so badly. He thinks he falls just a little bit harder

for the older boy at how much he wants to please Eddie.

The boys are still shirtless. Richie kisses Eddie's chest and stomach, his fingers gripping onto his body, feeling his ribs, his hipbones. He feels Eddie shudder beneath him, goosebumps on his skin.

Richie kisses down and around Eddie's navel, admiring his cute belly button before darting his tongue out to lick at the skin surrounding it before moving onto kissing his hips. Eddie groans and arches when Richie's mouth meets his skin. It's intoxicating and Eddie's skin feels like it's on fire.

A cheeky smirk creeps onto Richie's face at the realisation that he can taste his and Eddie's come from before. His cock jumps at the memory of what they did not even 2 hours ago. He needs to touch himself. But he will wait. He moves his head down even further, his face coming into contact with Eddie's underwear, which feels warm against his cheek. Richie can smell a mix of washing powder and Eddie's natural scent, which makes him breathe hotly into the younger boy's groin.

Richie presses his mouth onto the hard outline of Eddie's cock, moving his lips up and down his clothed erection.

"Fuck!" Eddie moans.

Richie doesn't bother to check in if Eddie is okay, because he can feel him pushing against his mouth, wanting more friction, and is pretty sure it is a cry of pleasure.

Richie kisses along the top line of Eddie's underwear, his mouth moving along the edge of his waistband. He looks up at Eddie to see his head thrown back, with one hand fisted into his mouth, probably to quieten himself, and the other gripping tightly onto the sheets.

Richie smirks again before slowly pulling Eddie's boxers off, letting his cock bounce back against his stomach. Eddie opens his eyes and looks down at Richie then. Richie's eyes pop at the sight of Eddie, who is all red, rock-hard and swollen, just begging for Richie's tongue.

Richie looks back up at Eddie, making eye contact, seeing the younger boy blush at what they're doing, which gives him the warmest feelings inside.

"You okay?" Richie checks in.

"Oh yah." Eddie confirms, heart hammering in his chest.

"You are so... fucking stunning, Eds."

"D-don't call me that..." Eddie tries a bit of their usual banter but he can't seem to concentrate on speaking.

Richie wastes no more time and moves forward to place a gentle kiss on the end of Eddie's cock.

"Jesus!" Eddie whines as he leaks pre-come onto his stomach, before jerking to attention when Richie puts his mouth on him again.

Richie kisses Eddie again, feeling him stiffen against his mouth. Richie also doesn't really know what he's doing but just follows his natural instincts. He lets his tongue roll out, meeting Eddie's hard shaft, giving a gentle lick up the underside.

Eddie has no words now. He's lost, head thrown back, unable to even moan, let alone utter expletives.

Richie tongues all over Eddie's cock, making it glisten with saliva. He can't stop alternating between looking at Eddie's face and his hard-on. It is honest-to-God beautiful. Richie wonders if he is, indeed, gay. He's always felt a strange, unique closeness to his best friend, something that definitely goes beyond friendship, but he has never even looked at another boy. Girls excite him, of course. So, he can't be gay. *Is liking both a thing?* He wonders. *Or is it only because it's Eddie?*

He forgets all about it when Eddie surges forward, silently asking for more. More than just a hot tongue on him. Richie is ready. He moves his hand upwards, taking hold of Eddie before opening his mouth and closing his lips around the swollen head, holding on tightly as he slides his mouth all the way down Eddie's shaft.

Eddie pushes into his soft, warm mouth in response. "Oh, Jesus..." He moans in a whisper, biting down on his lip hard. Eddie has never felt more alive in his whole life. Having Richie's tongue sliding up and down his dick is **definitely** his new favourite thing!

Richie would probably never admit it aloud, but he has learned a thing or two from watching porn. Not consciously of course, but he has definitely paid attention to the girls' techniques and what seems to make the guy feel good. He simply imagines what he thinks would make *him* feel good and with that he is gently jerking Eddie off as he slurps on his length, sucking around his hardness as Eddie bucks up into his mouth.

Eddie moves his legs upward, from lying flat to bent up. Richie grabs Eddie's thighs and pulls them up onto his shoulders, so that Eddie's legs are basically wrapped around his head. Richie's sucking gets more intense and soon he's hollowing his cheeks, moving his mouth up and down, faster and faster, his head bobbing back and forth as he reaches out to grip onto Eddie's hand. Eddie squeezes back in response, moaning gently in succession, making love to Richie's mouth, his hips bucking up and down.

Eddie takes a moment to stop and look down, admiring the beautiful sight before him, which is mostly messy dark hair and the blur of Richie bobbing up and down. Eddie has one hand gripped onto Richie's, his chest heaving, his breath reckless, before he can't take anymore and he grabs onto Richie's hair, winding the messy dark locks around his grasp and pulling tightly.

Richie groans down around Eddie's cock, the vibrations sending shockwaves through Eddie's body. Eddie begins to leak into Richie's mouth.

"Mmm-hmm" Richie nods up at Eddie, urging him to carry on. Eddie pushes his fingers further into Richie's hair, twisting, tugging and pulling which leaves Richie a moaning mess as he jerks Eddie faster, slurping on his cock, pulling back to spit on it before taking him back into his mouth, pushing his mouth all the way down over Eddie's shaft, taking him to the back of his throat, beginning to choke and gag.

Eddie throbs in Richie's mouth, feeling that familiar burning feeling pooling in his belly. He feels a strange repetitive feeling and wondering what it is, he looks down to see Richie's arm moving back and forth quickly... On himself!

Oh fuck! Richie Tozier is so turned on by giving Eddie a blowjob that he is jerking himself off at the same time. The thought makes Eddie want to come down Richie's throat instantly.

Speaking of which, he's going to have to decide what to do as he feels himself getting dangerously close. He feels as though he should warn the other boy when he's about to come. It feels almost impolite to just... come in his mouth without telling him. What if Richie doesn't want that, doesn't want to taste it.

Richie pulls off from Eddie, taking a deep breath, a string of saliva dripping from Richie's mouth to Eddie's dick. Richie moves his mouth forward to take Eddie again, but Eddie puts a hand on him and says, "Wait, wait, Rich..."

Richie stops in his tracks and eyes the smaller boy carefully.

"Rich... I... I'm way too close."

"Good." Richie smirks.

"I mean..." Eddie swallows hard, not knowing how to just **say** the words.

"What is it Eds?"

"If you put your... mouth... back..." Eddie is blushing furiously, "I'm gonna..." he squeezes his eyes together, "I'm so so close Rich."

Richie, knowing Eddie so well, understands that what Eddie is trying to convey is that he is about to come and he isn't sure if Richie wants him to do it in his mouth. *Oh, sweet innocent Eddie.*

"I can go to the bathroom, or finish myself, or just... if you have a tissue."

Richie smiles warmly. "Eddie... you beautiful fucking creature. I **want**

this."

Eddie is taken aback, clearly shocked, his eyes wide, his lips pinching together.

"But... what about... when I... and, the taste... and..." Richie thinks its fucking adorable how bashful Eddie is when it comes to talking about sex. Admittedly, Richie is as inexperienced as he is, but he just feels so comfortable and confident when he's with Eddie. He hopes to one day help Eddie feel the same. The very idea of being the one to bring Eddie out of his shell sends shivers down his spine.

Richie takes Eddie's hand again, squeezing it firmly, but gently. He looks right up into Eddie's eyes, before purring out "Eds... I'm gonna make this clear... I **want** you to finish in my mouth... and I **want** to taste you."

Eddie feels like his brain is about to explode, his breathing is all over the place as he begins to tremble. He could never have imagined this scenario, not even in his wildest dreams. No matter if he is a little bit in love with his best friend.

"FUCK!" Eddie moans, "Are you sure, Rich?" His face is hot and he can feel sweat beading on the back of his neck.

"I'm sure." Richie reassures, calm as anything. He strokes Eddie's belly and hips, trying to relax him. "So, please... don't you worry about a thing, Eddie Spaghetti. I **know** what I want. And I want you. *All* of you... now relax, and just... let go, sweetheart."

Eddie melts into the mattress as Richie slowly takes him back into his mouth, his tongue working its way down Eddie's shaft again.

Oh, fuck yes! Eddie moans in his mind. *This is it. This is fucking it. I'm gonna come in Richie Tozier's mouth. Holy fuck.*

Eddie concentrates on the warm wet feeling around his cock, feeling Richie beginning to get faster again, his tongue rapidly licking up and down Eddie, before taking him to the back of his throat, all the while feeling the bed rock from the way Richie is jerking himself off again.

The fire in Eddie's belly quickly heats up to boiling point, only taking

him a minute or so to get to where he was before. He knows it'll be any second now. He looks down at Richie whose eyes are fixed on his lover, mouth formed into an obscene 'O' shape, lips hot and red around Eddie's cock, sucking back and forth, all the way down to the base of his shaft and back up again, before licking the tip, sucking and kissing it, gagging down again, saliva dripping down out of Richie's mouth and around Eddie's shaft, Richie's arm jerking at lightning speed.

The imagery is all too much and Eddie whines, eyes rolling into his head as he comes in Richie's mouth, feeling his hot semen shooting to the back of his throat, spurt after spurt. Richie doesn't move. He stays staring at Eddie, his beautiful swollen lips wrapped around the throbbing cock, his mouth filling up with Eddie's essence.

His natural urges lead him to swallow around Eddie, making the smaller boy dizzy, his eyes out of focus, Eddie's hand covering his own mouth to muffle his screams of pleasure.

Richie's cock is ready to explode as he strokes himself, the taste of Eddie sliding down his throat acting as a trigger that makes Richie come hard into his own fist, white ribbons splashing against Eddie's thighs, dripping down onto the sheets.

Richie moans on Eddie's cock as his orgasm takes him, fisting himself through it as he finishes swallowing Eddie down. His movements begin to slow and he eventually pulls off from Eddie. Eddie is well and truly spent, sliding from Richie's mouth. He watches Richie work himself through his pleasure. For a fleeting moment, Eddie is jealous! He wants to be the one bringing Richie pleasure. So far Richie has basically pleased himself and Eddie at the same time... twice! Eddie is ridiculously shy but wants more than anything to make Richie feel good. As good as he has made him feel.

Once Richie calms down, he rests his head on Eddie's thigh and Eddie puts his hand on Richie's face, "I can't believe you did that for me." He gently pushes the hair out of Richie's eyes.

Richie smiles, "Just wanted to please you, Eds."

"Don't call me that." Eddie grins.

"Okay... spaghetti man."

"Or that!" Eddie pretends to get angry, but he can't help staring at Richie with love and affection in his eyes.

"You're cute when you're angry." Richie teases, pulling his boxers back up, kissing the inside of Eddie's thigh.

"Shut up!" Eddie manoeuvres his legs to sit up, pulling his underwear back into place. He realises there's a huge wet patch on the covers, and come on his thigh. "I'll just go get a tissue." He swings his legs around to get out of bed.

"No, let me." Richie sits up.

"It's okay, Rich, I'll go." Eddie is happy to do this one little thing for Richie, considering all he has done for him. On his way to the bathroom, Eddie decides he does want to stay the night with Richie after all. How could he not? How could he just leave now and go home to his cold, empty bed? Knowing he would just lie there and picture Richie lying alone too, both wanting to be with each other.

Eddie carefully cleans his thigh, which has come dripping down it. A sight which makes him tremble. Once he's cleaned up, he comes back from the bathroom, bringing some toilet paper with him. He smiles at Richie as he enters the room, seeing the taller boy re-dressing himself in a clean t-shirt. He catches a glimpse of Richie from behind, admiring his cute butt and his defined back muscles. *Phew!* Yep, Eddie is **definitely** gay.

He cleans up the wet patch and tosses the paper into a waste basket in the corner of Richie's room. Richie offers Eddie a clean t-shirt, which he gladly accepts. Eddie climbs back into bed, and watches Richie as he gets some clean clothes from his dresser. He puts on some pajama bottoms and offers Eddie a clean pair of underwear too.

"Can I have some pajama bottoms too?" Eddie asks sweetly.

Richie looks back at his friend, confused.

"I can't just sleep in underwear all night, you perv." Eddie mocks. "Gonna need some pajamas if I'm gonna stay over."

The widest smile graces Richie's face. "I thought you..."

"Yeah, well I changed my mind, didn't I? That okay?"

"Okay, he asks" Richie mutters to no-one in particular. He rushes over to Eddie, grabbing his face in his hands, giving him a passionate kiss.

"What'll you tell your mom?"

"Ah, fuck it. Who cares. I'll phone her in a while and say I'm having a stayover at Stan's or Bill's. It's Friday night for fuck sake."

"There's the rebel we know and love."

"Shut up and get into bed, so I can cuddle you." Eddie orders.

"Yes, ma'am." Richie speeds over and dives into bed, with Eddie following closely behind, getting another look at that cute butt of Richie's before he gets into bed.

3. The Call

Eddie has to make the dreaded phone call home before his & Rich's night can continue...

Chapter Three: The Call

Richie breathes a happy sigh as he lays cuddled up with Eddie Kaspbrak, his little Eddie Spaghetti, with his arm draped over him as he holds him close to his body, his nose resting in the crook of his neck, smelling the faint aroma of his body wash mixed with his natural scent.

Both boys are awake, but resting with their eyes shut, breathing each other in. Nothing can break their magic spell.

That is until Eddie lets out an exasperated sigh. And Richie picks up on it immediately, he can sense the change in the atmosphere because it is different to their happy sighs.

Richie opens his eyes to glance at the younger boy, seeing that his eyes are already open and he is staring at the ceiling, a concerned look on his face.

"What is it?" Richie enquires as he leans up on his elbow.

Eddie looks over at him with another sigh, "I have to call my mom." His face showing disappointment and dread.

"Ugh," Richie groans, curling his lip. His legs are intertwined with Eddie's and he subconsciously wraps them tighter around the smaller boy, in a protective manner. He doesn't want them to leave the cosiness of the bed and the cuddle.

"I'm just gonna get it over with." Eddie leans over the bed, his body half hanging out as he reaches out to the floor, searching for his jeans.

"Whatcha doin'?" Richie asks, his attention distracted by the sight of Eddie's butt in the pyjama bottoms he leant him.

"Lookin' for my phone."

Richie giggles to himself because he knows for a fact that Eddie's phone is in his hoody pocket that he hung over a chair earlier in the evening, but he is just enjoying the sight of Eddie's ass wiggling around too much.

He giggles again. Eddie half sits up and looks around. "What?"

Richie tries to hide his smile, while running a hand through his hair. "Oh, um... nothin' it's just... your phone's over there." Richie says, gesturing. Eddie looks over to where the older boy is pointing.

"You were just staring at my ass weren't you?"

"Um... Guilty." Richie meekly raises a hand, smirking and rolling his eyes upward in a playful fashion. Eddie grabs a pillow and smacks it against Richie's head with a pseudo angry face, Richie's fluffy hair bouncing in the process. Eddie climbs over Richie to get out of bed and as he does, Richie grabs hold of his hand. Eddie keeps going, trying to prise his hand free, with Richie still holding on.

"Rich..." He warns.

"Hurry." Richie smiles sweetly at Eddie.

Eddie stops to look back at his friend, before digging into his hoody pocket and pulling out his phone. He presses his thumb to the power button, unlocking it and immediately seeing the endless list of notifications from Facebook, Instagram, Snapchat and WhatsApp. But it's the 9 missed calls from his mother which catches his attention and makes his stomach lurch.

"Ugh," he utters.

Richie knows to be quiet. He watches as Eddie dials his mother and waits. It isn't long before she picks up and Richie can hear her obnoxious voice down the phone.

"WHERE ARE YOU?" He hears her wail down the other end. Eddie holds the phone away from his ear but he and Richie can still hear his mother shouting. They look at each other as Eddie rolls his eyes.

"Yes ma, I know... We just got sidetracked... I know you like me to check in but I'm fine honestly. We were just watching a movie... Me, Bill, Richie and Stan." Eddie meets Richie's gaze seconds after the lie slips out.

Richie can hear Mrs K prattling on down the phone and he feels sorry for Eddie, having to put up with that. But in a flash, Richie almost wishes his parents gave a shit either way of his whereabouts. He could be gone for days and he bet they wouldn't even notice.

"Yes... Yes ma, I know... I will I promise... I don't know when... to be honest I'm probably just gonna crash at Stan's tonight..."

A shrieking noise belts out through the phone and Eddie wrenches it away from his face again, scrunching up his eyes, pinching two fingers to the bridge of his nose.

As he does so, he watches Richie climb out of bed and go into his top drawer, rummaging around until he finds what he wants. Richie takes out a small tin with a picture of a countryside on it. He also finds his Rizlas and a lighter, setting everything up on his windowsill. He opens the tin and begins scooping tobacco out onto an open paper before swiftly rolling and lighting it up, pushing his window open and letting out his breath after taking his first drag.

He smokes roll-ups because, being a poor student, it is cheaper than buying cigarettes. He perches on the windowsill, smoking as he watches Eddie pace up and down his room. He half turns his body so he's leaning out the open window, blowing his smoke outside and breathing in the cool, crisp night air.

"Ma... ma, listen... I've got my meds, Stan's giving me a change of clothes, tomorrow's Saturday. We were meeting up in the morning anyway. It just saves going back and forth... Yes, his parents are fine with it... I've stayed before mom, it's not a big deal... yes, Ma... I will... I promise... I love you too... Goodnight."

The call ends abruptly and Eddie chucks his phone on Richie's desk before standing and rubbing his temples. Richie turns to look at him. "All okay?" He can see that Eddie still looks annoyed. "Yeah... It's just, well... you know."

"Yeah, I know, kid." Richie begins, "Sorry, I guess she just gets cranky when I haven't given it to her for a while." He smirks playfully at his friend, trying to lighten the mood, before taking his final drag and throwing the last bit of the roll-up out the window.

A disgusted look spreads across Eddie's face, "Beep beep Richie!"

Richie climbs off the windowsill, putting away his things and popping a mint into his mouth before he goes back to Eddie. He knows Eddie doesn't mind or even care if he smokes but he also knows how much Eddie hates the smell of it on someone's breath. Richie hadn't even thought much about that until after he'd had the damn smoke. How he might want to just do a bit more kissing with Eddie and now he's gonna stink like an ashtray.

He slowly walks over to Eddie and looks down at him, thinking how adorable he looks in Richie's pyjamas. Eddie's staring back at him and within seconds Richie's hands are on the smaller boy, touching his body, hands stroking his sides until they're snaking around his waist to hold him.

"I like holding you." Richie says confidently.

"I like you holding me." Eddie answers, soon finding his own hands exploring Richie's form, almost unable to stop himself. The moment is quiet and intimate and this is all so new for both of them. Richie can tell Eddie is nervous. And he's nervous too.

"I've never... held someone... like this." Richie confesses. He licks his lips because they feel dry. He can taste and smell his roll up. He really hopes it isn't bothering Eddie.

"Me neither." Eddie replies.

The boys begin swaying, almost as if some soft jazz music could be playing in the background. Like something out of a damn romance movie. They hold eye contact and Richie's hand moves up to stroke Eddie's hair, his callous fingers brushing through the soft strands.

Richie muses on the fact that it's a strange thing. Liking someone. One minute you could be giving them their first blowjob, seeing them

writhe in ecstasy beneath you. And the next you could be shyly cuddling them in your arms, unsure of even what to say to them. Nervous about what they might think of you. Even slightly scared to kiss them. Fearing they may reject you, even after establishing mutual feelings.

"Are you gonna kiss me then or what?" Eddie just comes out with it. And Richie almost laughs because it is so bold of the little spaghetti man, nevermind the fact he was just debating on doing so. Clearly, his breath isn't bothering Eddie then.

Richie can't help smiling wide, his heart thrumming, the blood coursing through his veins, his body hot with want. He feels his cock twitching again. *Jesus, it's true what they say about teenage boys.*

Richie moves his hand under Eddie's chin to gently tip his face upward. Richie thinks he has never seen a more beautiful person in his whole life. He pulls Eddie closer, stroking his thumb softly across Eddie's cheek before cupping it with his hand, slowly moving forward, his lips centimetres from Eds'.

Eddie closes his eyes and just waits. Just enjoys being held. Just enjoys the moment and everything about it. The feel of another warm body against him. Richie's warm breath against his lips. The gentle hand holding his face. The looming presence of Richie Tozier and all his curly-haired messy softness.

And then their lips meet. Eddie's instincts take over, responding to it. He leans his whole body against Richie's, moulding himself into the taller boy as he lets the kiss happen. Richie's lips gently close around Eddie's as he presses softly into the smaller boy's mouth, having to crouch a little to meet him comfortably.

The kiss is soft and tender, Eddie has tingles running all over his body. He feels the familiar ache in his groin beginning. Part of him wills it away, he doesn't want Richie to think he's some kind of animal, but as Richie holds him closer to his body, he can feel Richie's own hardness pressing into him. So at least he knows their embrace is having the same effect on his friend. And it does absolutely **nothing** to expel his own erection. Eddie moves his hands to Richie's hips, pressing his fingers in and holding him there. Just

the feel of Richie's hipbones drives Eddie insane.

Maybe it's the feel of Eddie's hands on him or maybe it's the kissing or the feel of both their hard-ons. Or all of it. Whatever it is, Richie feels the sudden urge to start grinding himself against Eddie. They're kissing and pressing and grinding on each other, hands and fingers gripping into each other, so desperate to get even closer to one other.

"Fuck." Eddie mutters as he breaks the kiss.

"Y'ok?" Richie asks, gazing at Eds, whose eyes are still shut as he nestles his forehead into Richie's chest. He breathes a long heavy sigh.

"Yeah... I'm good, Rich." He looks up at the only boy, the only person who has ever made him feel alive.

Richie starts walking backwards, leaving the warm embrace of Eddie, but still holding onto his hands, guiding him to follow. He shuffles backwards until he's sitting on his bed, Eddie following until he's standing in front of Richie.

Richie opens his legs, allowing Eddie to step closer. He looks down at Richie and he smiles because usually, Richie is the one looking down at him. Eddie runs his fingers through those curls he has come to adore so much. Eddie is feeling playful so he begins to tug on Richie's hair.

Richie hisses as he tips his head back.

"What is it you like about that?" Eddie asks softly.

"What?" Richie responds, eyes still shut, head still tipped back.

"The hair pulling."

"I dunno, Eds, it's just... it feels fucking amazing." He brings his head up a bit, "You have no idea... especially when its... *you*." His eyes are half shut but he's still looking at Eddie from under his lids, eyes glazed with lust and relaxation. "Mmmm."

Richie then leans forward and moves to press his face into Eddie's

stomach. And then he's kissing him through the t-shirt and soon his hands are upon him, pushing the shirt up and out of the way. All Richie wants is to feel and taste Eddie's hot skin.

"Oh, God... fuck, why am I so addicted to this?" Eddie groans, his knees feeling weak. Richie grins against his skin as he kisses his stomach, making his way down to Eddie's belly button. He kisses it and then all around it, admiring how cute his little belly is. His hands eventually snake down his hips and they keep going until they are sliding the pyjama bottoms down.

Eddie is breathing heavily as he looks down, seeing Richie giving him a devious look, and *oh God*, those fuck-me eyes. He watches as Richie slips the bottoms all the way down, leaving him standing in his underwear. He feels a chill to his legs from the open window but he's far too mesmerised to say anything about it.

Richie pushes his nose into Eddie's boxers, feeling his erection pressing into his face. He mouths the outline of Eddie's cock and Eddie does nothing to stop it. Eddie's biting his lip and Richie looks right up into his eyes.

"You really need to stop looking at me like that." Eddie warns.

"Why?"

"Because I might end up doing something..."

"Something? Like what?" Richie enjoys teasing Eddie immensely.

"Something... something I might get embarrassed about later."

"Just do it Eds..." Richie spurs him on with a cheeky grin.

Eddie is physically trembling under Richie's grasp and it is a heady feeling that Richie will never tire of. It makes him want to do everything to Eddie. To rip off those little boxers, which Eddie looks fine as hell in, to kiss and lick his length and slide him into his mouth. The idea makes him thirsty. He feels himself beginning to salivate.

He kisses the side of Eddie's thigh, his tongue darting out to lick the

same spot, as his hands grip tightly and firmly onto Eddie's ass.

Eddie is beginning to lose control and he soon grabs hold of Richie's tresses, clamping down hard. Richie can't wait anymore and he pulls Eddie's boxers down, freeing his cock which immediately stands to attention right in front of him. Richie wants nothing more than to put his mouth around it, to send Eddie into another frenzy.

He holds back, waiting to see what Eddie will do.

"Please..." Eddie whines.

"Take what you want Eds..." Richie whispers onto Eddie's dick, his hot breath making it near impossible for Eddie to think straight. To not do what he does next...

4. 69

you can guess what the boys do in this chapter... ;)

Chapter Four: 69

Eddie's heart is pounding, his legs quivering, cock throbbing with need. And then he just can't stand it anymore. He latches onto those curls, yanking Richie down hard onto his groin as he pushes his cock into his mouth. Richie must have been dying for it because his mouth was already half open, ready and waiting.

Richie moans in approval and immediately finds a rhythm, sucking back and forth on the younger boy as Eddie keeps his hands in his hair. They are continually staring at one another and Eddie can't help but marvel at how beautiful and full Richie's lips look, and how he has never looked more beautiful than he does in that moment, his mouth full with Eddie's cock.

Richie soon has a hand on himself, palming his dick through his pyjamas as he sucks Eddie off, thorough enjoying how he tastes. Richie slips his hand into his boxers and jerks himself off properly as he gives Eddie his second blowjob.

Eddie wants nothing more than to return the favour but right now he is having trouble concentrating on anything other than Richie's mouth and how amazing and warm it feels around him.

Richie stops touching himself and moves both hands to hold tightly onto Eddie's hips and soon he is moving Eddie back and forth to make him slam into his mouth. Richie feels his cock leaking at the notion of having his face fucked. His heart is going wild and he looks at Eddie and hopes to God that Eddie gets it. That he can pick up on what Rich wants without him having to break away and tell him.

As if the two are perfectly in sync, Eddie starts thrusting forward into Richie's mouth. Rich moans in delight, clearly giving his approval. Eddie moves more and more to see Richie's reaction. Richie looks like he's died and gone to heaven as Eddie slams into his face, gently

fucking his lover's mouth. They can both hear the wet, squelching noises of Richie's saliva-filled mouth, his lips becoming red, wet and messy.

"Beautiful." Eddie mutters.

Eddie takes hold of Richie's hair and this time pulls hard as he fucks the taller boy's mouth, Richie's eyes rolling into the back of his head, moaning and trying to swallow the excess saliva. He pulls off with a gasp, taking in a huge breath of air before he's back on Eddie's cock, willing and determined to finish him off.

Eddie can feel himself building again. But in the back of his mind he still really wants to return the favour to Richie from before. He knows they'll get cuddly and sleepy if he comes now.

"Rich... I..."

Richie doesn't let up, gliding his mouth along Eddie's length, even when Eddie stops thrusting forward.

"I wanna... Rich... Slow down."

Richie stops for only a second, and says "Just come Eds, wanna taste you again." And he takes Eddie back into his mouth.

"Wait, wait... I... I want to please you."

"Later Ed."

"No..." Eddie pulls Richie off of him. That makes Richie stop.

It takes Eddie a moment or two to calm down before he takes Richie's face in his hands. "You" Eddie's face is flush from over-excitement and mild exasperation and Richie's eagerness. Not that it's a bad thing.

Richie just smirks. "Whaaat?" he asks as if he's the most innocent being alive.

"You drive me fucking crazy." The words come through gritted teeth. And then he's kissing Richie's nose and eyelids.

"Is that so bad?"

"No. But... I thought maybe we could... Be a bit more... Intimate."

Already Richie can see how far Eddie has come in terms of his shyness. Or bravery should he say.

"This is pretty intimate, kid."

Eddie is anything but a kid. And if anyone else were to call him such a name, he imagines he would hate it. But for some reason, because it's Richie, well... He loves it. Every time the word leaves Richie's mouth, it makes Eddie feel even fuzzier.

"I mean... Maybe we both could... Like we could... Do this together."

Richie is patient and waits for Eddie to finish what he's saying. And then he gets it.

He raises his eyebrows and smiles knowingly. And then he just comes out with, "So you mean you wanna 69?"

"Rich!" Eddie is embarrassed. He is still rather reserved and the words make him blush like no one's business.

"What? That's what it's called!"

Eddie finds it ironic that he's the one who's known he was gay forever and that Richie is the one who isn't quite sure of his sexuality and yet Rich is the one who's gone down on Eddie twice so far!

Eddie sits down on the bed. He wants to know what Richie tastes like. He wants to know what it's like to bring another man to pleasure. He's ready. He wants. He's sitting next to Richie and he leans over to kiss his neck and ear, gently nibbling on an earlobe.

He has one hand behind him, keeping himself propped up as his mouth works Richie's neck. All while his other hand moves down to slide Richie's bottoms off. He pulls on them to let Richie know what he wants.

Richie wants it too and he lifts his butt, allowing the article to slide

off. He's sitting in his boxers now, and he has his arm around Eddie, gently stroking his back.

Eddie looks at Richie tentatively.

"You sure you want this?" Richie checks.

"Oh I'm sure" Eddie smirks and then he's bending his head and tugging Richie's boxers down. Before Richie can object, not that he would, Eddie is kissing and licking the end of his cock and he puts a fist in his mouth to stifle his moan.

He wants to squeal with delight because he has never felt anything so good in his life. Now he knows why Eddie squirms and writhes and absolutely just loses control the way he does.

Eddie is even better at this than Rich imagined. He does wonder for a moment if Eddie has had any prior experience of cock sucking. He tells himself it's Eddie's natural instincts.

Eddie swallows Richie down and Richie is ecstatic at the fact Eddie seems to be able to take him all the way to the back of his throat with only minor gagging. Richie looks down and sees the back of Eddie's head bobbing, his hair moving as he bounces his mouth up and down on Richie. And what a sight to behold.

"Uh. Fuck!" Richie's mouth is gaping open and he's blinking hard at the sight of Eddie going down on him. He enjoys the blowjob for a few minutes longer before suggesting they get back into bed.

Eddie pulls off and wipes his mouth. It's the first time he's ever given anyone oral and he totally surprises himself with how much he likes doing it. Not that he thought he would hate it or anything.

"How was that?" Richie asks. And both boys laugh at the irony of who is asking the question. Isn't it normally meant to be the giver asking how it was? Eddie knows that Richie is just checking in again, to make sure he's happy with everything.

"Well, that... that was something else..."

"Did you, erm... did you like it?"

"Like it? Fuck, I think I was born for it!" Eddie exclaims excitedly as he moves forward to kiss Richie.

Richie's big dumb smile is there again and the boys get into bed, cuddling and kissing for a few moments.

"How do you want to... erm..." Eddie tries to ask.

Richie thinks for a moment and decides that he would like Eddie on top of him. He imagines they will get pretty into it but he can't imagine doing anything to hurt his little Eds. The idea he may get carried away and perhaps ride him too hard. On the other hand, though, the idea of Eddie riding *him* too hard... oof, well, the thought alone makes him shudder. And he knows he can handle it.

Not that Eddie probably couldn't handle it. Richie is trying his best to remind himself daily that Eddie is not this weak, pathetic little thing that his mom makes him out to be. But still, he can't help but want to protect Eddie in every which way possible.

"I want you on top of me." Richie says confidently.

Eddie blushes. "Oh, uh, are you sure?"

"Oh yah," he replies with a confident smile on his lips. They've long abandoned their underwear, leaving them naked in each other's arms.

Richie lies back and gets comfortable, pulling Eddie on top of him, their cocks brushing together. He's nervous, Richie can tell. He imagines Eddie must be shy about turning around and exposing, well... Everything to him. This is only the first night they've discovered their feelings for each other and they've done a lot so far.

Richie strokes Eddie's hair, tucking it behind his ear. It is such a sweet gesture and Eddie leans into it. Richie cups his face. "We don't have to do anything more if you don't wanna, y'know."

"I know... But I really do... If you do?"

"Fuck yes." Richie replies, keen as mustard, but with an air of calm.

Eddie's eyes dart away and back, a concerned look on his face.

"What is it?" Richie asks.

"Just... you know, like... see if it's gross or you hate it, just... just tell me okay?" Richie can't help but gawk and grin at Eddie. He **knows** for a fact he isn't going to hate it.

"Shhh, little one, come on..." He comforts, pulling Eddie close for another kiss, "let me see you..." He whispers into his ear. And then, lowering his voice another octave, "sit on my face."

Richie can feel Eddie's cock twitch at that.

Eddie looks a little less frightened. He places another soft kiss to Richie's lips before he begins to turn around. Richie helps him, his hands gently holding and manoeuvring the boy into place. Richie sees Eddie's cock coming into view and the sight literally makes his mouth water. He does, of course, catch sight of what Eddie was afraid of... his rear end. So far, he just thinks it's the cutest, sweetest little ass he could ever imagine.

Richie slowly puts his hands on Eddie's cheeks, beginning to part them slightly.

"Rich..."

Richie can feel the tension in Eddie's legs, "Don't worry, kid... remember, I got you."

Richie softly licks a stripe up, starting at Eddie's balls and ending just before he gets to his hole. He doesn't want to stress Eddie out by going too far. If he's really honest with himself, the sight of Eddie's ass is making him even harder and he's sure he's leaking pre-ejaculate. He kind of wants nothing more than to tongue him. He just **knows** he would make Eddie feel like a million bucks. But... baby steps.

"Oh, fuck!" Eddie whelps, his thighs tightening.

"Shh, baby, I got you."

"Is this okay?" Richie can tell that what Eddie is really asking is, "Am I gross down there? Do you still want to do this?" And, *oh*, Richie

wants to do so much! His heart is pounding with need. He honestly doesn't even care in that moment that Eddie hasn't put his mouth on him yet. He is so fascinated by the sight before him.

"Sweetheart... you're beautiful. You taste and look and feel... **amazing**... Wish I could taste more of you."

"I... I..." Eddie stutters.

Richie gently rubs Eddie butt and thighs, trying to reassure him. "Don't worry, little man, I'm not saying tonight. I'm just saying... I want you. Whenever *you* want. And you've got nothing to worry about. Trust me."

With that, he feels Eddie's body relax. He decides he is done talking and pushes Eddie's thighs upward, allowing his cock to fall forward. He opens his mouth and takes it in, allowing it to sink to the back of his throat and loving every second of how that feels. He pulls Eddie's body towards him, to get more and more of him, pulling him right into his face, sucking around him, moving his head back and forth on Eddie's length.

Eddie groans and within seconds his hands are on Richie, gently jerking him off before sucking on the tip of his cock, which is all messy with pre-come. Eddie moans at the taste, sucking it down before wrapping his lips all the way around Richie. He is stunned by how it feels to have Richie moan around his cock at the sensation of pleasure, each boy spurring each other on no end.

Eddie begins to relax even more, grinding his hips into his lover's mouth and really getting into what he's doing to Richie, fascinated with how much he enjoys sucking him off, sucking cock in general, and bringing him pleasure. Every minute or so, he pulls off to take a look at Richie's cock, which is beautifully thick, long but not too long, red, hard and throbbing. It is so beautiful. And delicious. He can't keep his mouth off him for too long, and usually it is the feeling of how deep inside Richie's mouth he is and how much he feels like he wants to come down Richie's throat that makes him resume his efforts, licking and even spitting on Richie's dick, twisting his fist around him, spreading the wetness.

"Fuck!" Richie wails.

He slowly sinks his mouth all the way down and over Richie again, this time deciding to play with his balls a little too. He imagines that would feel nice. He gently cups them as he lets Richie's cock slide to the back of his throat, squeezing and softly caressing, Richie groaning in approval. Eddie gags a little, which, at first, he is embarrassed about. Until Richie slides the cock out of his mouth and says "That's so fucking hot, Eds, you have no idea."

Eddie just giggles and gets back to what he's doing. He can hear Richie's breathing getting more erratic and wonders if he's going to come soon. He wants to come too, but he's starting to feel overstimulated from the night's events. He focuses his energy on pleasing Richie, stroking and jerking his cock, sucking down hard on it, mouth bobbing up and down, before pulling off, leaving a trail of spit and a wet cock throbbing in his hands. Licking up and down the shaft, he swirls his tongue on the head, before he starts to feel Richie's body tighten.

Richie can feel his orgasm building and it is building fast, to the point where he can't help but pull off from Eddie and utter obscenities. His head is laced with sweat, making his messy hair stick to it as he feels Eddie's tongue swirling around him and it's with one final head bob, taking Richie's cock down his throat that Richie can't handle anymore.

"Oh fuck, I'm gonna come..." He warns Eddie, hoping to God Eddie is okay with everything. Eddie is so eager, he's pretty sure it's okay. Richie tries to jerk Eddie off at the very least, but his vision blurs when he feels Eddie's throat constricting around the tip of his cock that he just lets himself go, his cock pulsing and spurting as he comes in Eddie's mouth, feeling it gush and swirl around as Eddie sucks and swallows it down, humming with enjoyment and approval.

Richie's head is pushing back into the pillow, he's whining, his chest is puffed out and he's thrusting his cock all the way up into Eddie's mouth and he isn't even sorry. It's one of the best feelings ever, he imagines.

Once he calms down a little, the most intense part of his orgasm

having passed, he quickly resumes stroking and sucking Eddie. He is determined to finish him off. Eddie keeps Richie's dick in his mouth because he can still feel it convulsing and he is still hard. He slows down his efforts though and enjoys the feel of Richie's mouth and hands back on him. And it doesn't take long for him to build up. Hearing Richie come and feeling and tasting it made his dick do all sorts of things, throbbing and going crazy, needing to be touched again.

With a bit more life back in him, Richie is able to, once again, fully focus on Eddie. He kisses and licks the length of him before feeling himself go soft and slip out of Eddie's mouth. Eddie lays on Richie's leg, closing his eyes and losing himself in the moment.

Richie's warm tongue is everything and Eddie feels himself getting close. "Mmm, Rich... so good." His voice is a whisper now. Richie hears Eds' breaths getting shorter and closer together. He is desperate to make him come again. Three times in one night. Wow, Richie can't help but feel smug about that. He can see them not going to Stan's at all tomorrow and just sleeping most of the day.

He ups his efforts until the last possible moment when Eddie says "Rich... I'm gonna..."

Richie pops Eddie's dick out of his mouth and in a sultry voice murmurs "Want you to come on my face." Eddie is shocked and looks around at Richie, but seeing that he's serious, he just lets himself go with it.

"Oh, shit!" Eddie feels Richie jerking him off and he can't help it, he just lets his body take over as he releases, moaning and shuddering through his orgasm, hearing Richie gives out whines of pleasure as Eddie's come splashes onto his face.

"Oh fuck, yes!" Rich says as he strokes and jerks Eddie off, letting every pulse spurt out, taking every single one of them as Eddie's body trembles and twitches. Richie does surprise himself, but he rather likes it. He enjoys how bold he is and how willing he is to try things. His heart races at the thought that it's all with his Eds.

After Eddie finishes, he is just a lifeless heap lying in Richie's legs and

in his lap. Richie strokes the lower part of his back, the top of his ass, thighs and anywhere else he thinks might be soothing for him. After Eddie's come-down, his breathing regulated, he's just hugging onto Richie's legs. He desperately wants to turn around and see him, but he is so spent he can barely move.

After some time, Richie starts to giggle. Eddie finally has enough energy in him to move and sit up a little. He slides off of Richie and turns around, coming face-to-face with Richie... covered.

His eyes widen, "Oh my God!" Eddie is stunned. First of all, at how obscene it looks and secondly, by how hot he finds it. He's seen it in porn films, but it's definitely a totally different experience seeing it in real life.

Admittedly, due to it being his third orgasm of the night there isn't *loads* there, but still... there's enough, he thinks.

Eddie looks at the big grin on Richie's face. Richie clearly enjoyed that. "Are you um... wow, that looks wild... are you okay? Should I get a towel or...?"

"It's cool, I got Kleenex around here somewhere." Richie reaches into his bedside drawer. Eddie can't take his eyes off him. He is truly fascinated. If it were another time, if he weren't totally over-stimulated, spent and exhausted, he thinks he might be the sort of person who'd love to play with the come. Spreading it around Richie's face and lips, maybe scooping it into his mouth, making his taste and suck his fingers, perhaps making him swallow it. For now, he just stares.

Richie finds some tissue and begins wiping himself down. He is still giggling. "Eds, that was so freakin'... I can't even... that was so awesome." Eddie's face is burning bright red. He's embarrassed, but also so fucking buzzed, he never could have imagined a feeling like this. He nervously plays with his hair, scratching his scalp, hands wandering aimlessly.

"You really liked it?" He whispers.

After wiping the last of it off and tossing the tissues on the floor, *this*

room definitely needs a clean-up, Richie muses, he grabs Eddie and pulls him close, hugging him into his sweaty body. "Eds... when will you get it through your head? I like you... I really like you. I want to do all of this with you. As much or as little as you want, at a pace that suits you. Nothing about it grosses me out. Everything about you is beautiful and I want **all** of you. If I hadn't just come, what just happened would have got me so fucking hard I'd want to fuck you right here, right now."

Eddie's eyes are as wide as saucers, "Wow..."

"I'm not gonna rush you on anything." Richie is stroking Eddie's arm softly. "I just need you to know how much I like you. I wasn't sure if I was gay or bi, or... whatever, but you know what... right now... it doesn't even matter. Like, I literally don't care. Cos right now, all I ever want, in my whole life... is you."

Eddie pushes himself into Richie's open arms, snuggling into his chest, kissing him there as his throat constricts, this time with his rising emotions, his arms wrapped tightly around the only boy he ever wants to hold him this way.

5. The Morning After

the morning after the night before...

Chapter Five: The Morning After

Eddie wakes in the early hours, his eyes still heavy with fatigue. He listens to the peaceful sounds of birdsong and watches out the window at the rising sun. His arm is draped across Richie as they both lay together, snuggling in bed, an act that feels so completely natural and perfect, Eddie gets that giddy excited feeling in his belly again. He wonders if he will ever truly get enough of Richie Tozier, and he is pretty sure, he never can and never will.

Despite his tiredness, he can't help but want to just look at Richie, to just take in the view. Richie is lying half on his side, half on his back, his face beautiful and peaceful, Eddie thinks, his ruffled curls just... all over the place. Eddie smiles, trying to hold in a giggle.

After their escapades, the boys had taken to cuddling up to one other on Richie's bed, Eddie laying on top of Richie, first laying his head on his chest, simply listening to his heartbeat, finding his own pulse slowing as he relaxed on the older boy. He would lean up and place a gentle kiss on Richie's lips every so often, sometimes on his neck. Eventually, Eddie had shuffled up, practically laying in Richie's lap with his face pressed into his friend's. Richie's hand searched for Eddie's, spreading his fingers to weave his own into Eddie's grasp, utterly at peace from hearing Eddie hum softly in his throat.

Richie's other hand leaned up to stroke Eddie's hair, gently scraping his nails along his scalp, an action that sent a pulse to Eddie's cock, however, both boys were definitely too spent to do anything about that! Instead, Richie's fingers gently found their way from his lover's hair down to his chin, which he tipped up, making Eddie look at him, totally in love with the feeling of staring into Eddie's eyes, their lips meeting softly in a warm kiss.

He loved how at ease they both felt when they stared at one another,

no awkward laughing or smiling now, just looking into each other's souls, a seriousness about them. Perhaps sharing a feeling of how much they mean to one another, Richie a giddy little mess inside, absolutely loving this feeling, the feeling of the first time you adore someone else in such a way. He wanted to scream and shout to the whole world about how amazing Eddie is. To his friends, to his parents, hell, even to the goddamn bullies of Derry High.

The boys ended their night in a makeout session which got them both, once again, extremely hot and bothered, completely playing into the stereotype of insatiable, horny teenage boys. Both too tired for anything more, however, they tongued each other late into the night, their hard-ons pressing together as they eventually fell asleep cuddling.

And now Eddie lies staring at the boy of his dreams. He slides his hand down into Richie's, Richie's fingers subconsciously grasping Eddie's and pulling him closer towards him. Eddie's nose is pressed into Richie's exposed neck, his skin a delicious mix of shower gel and his natural scent. His nose pushes those wild curls out of the way as he breathes him in, his soft lips tenderly caressing Richie's skin. Richie's hand grips harder into Eddie's.

And this is how the pair of them lay before the sun fully rises on a new day. Eddie's eyes are closed, but he isn't sleeping. Despite being exhausted, still, he's just too excited to be in Richie Tozier's bed. Finally, Richie wakes. And Eddie thinks it is the most beautiful sight. Seeing him all dishevelled, coming around to the bright, sunny morning.

Richie turns over to face Eddie. "Hey you."

"Hey you." Eddie returns.

Richie smiles down at Eddie, who seems so small in front of him. He leans forward and kisses his nose, "Well, never thought I'd wake up to see you in my bed,"

"You've woken up with me here plenty of times!"

"Not like this..." Rich replies, eyes sparkling as he looks at Eddie.

It's Saturday and the boys are due to meet the other Losers for their usual hang out.

"Do you know where everyone's meeting today?" asks Eddie. "The arcade? The Barrens?"

"Uh," Richie muses as he puts his glasses on and runs his fingers through his hair out of his face, Eddie once again thinking how frigging cute Richie looks doing that. *Jeez, is there anything about him you DON'T find cute?* Eddie's interior monologue asks, "the Barrens today, kiddo. I think the others wanna go swimming."

Eddie suddenly sits up and flushes red. He's been swimming a thousand times before with Richie. With all the Losers. But not after realising his true feelings about the boy. He suddenly feels insanely self-conscious about being in just his underwear around Richie. Which is ridiculous, considering everything they'd done the night before.

Perhaps it's the notion that they will be with all their friends, and perhaps Eddie might struggle with keeping his eyes off Richie, or worrying that their friends will notice something going on between them. Or that he won't be able to control his goddamn boner at the sight of Richie in nothing but swimming trunks.

As though having the same thought, Richie pipes up, "Are we gonna tell the others?"

"Um... I dunno, do you wanna tell them?"

"I mean," Richie begins, "It's not like I'm ashamed or nothin', I'm proud as punch. But... I kinda like that it's... just us, right now. You know?"

And Eddie does know, "Yeah, I know whatcha mean." In reality, Eddie's afraid. Maybe not so afraid of telling their friends. But just... afraid in general. Of telling anyone. He can't risk his mother finding out. She's always had strong views on "the little queers who run around Derry," not to mention how fucked up things would be if

anyone outside their circle were to know. Henry Bowers and his gang for example. That'd be just the fodder they needed.

The boys get out of bed and get dressed as they continue to talk. "Can we really pretend things are how they were before?"

Richie puffs out his chest, "Just gotta keep your eyes off me, babe... I know it's hard and all but..."

"Beep beep, Richie!" and Eddie hits him in the face with a pillow. The pair giggle together before Richie pulls Eddie in for another cuddle and kiss.

Right at the moment that Richie has his hands on Eddie's face, cupping it softly, kissing him ever so tenderly, his bedroom door suddenly opens with a creak.

The boys gasp, jumping apart as their hearts thud in their chests, and in walks Richie's mom, "Richie, I..." she begins, her sentence trailing off as she is caught by surprise at the sight of Eddie in her son's room.

6. Nicknames & Name-Calling

It's been 16 months since I wrote for this story. I'm so so sorry it's been so long :(The ONLY reason I lost touch with it was cos I got pregnant and had a baby... and well, that was really kinda life changing!

I absolutely nearly PEED my pants watching 'Chapter 2' ... anyone else? Reddie forever & ever & ever & canon :D :D :D

PS: Slight canon-divergent in that I've made Richie's parents total assholes who don't care about their son, whereas I've realised that in canon, they DO care, but I'm gonna go the other way with it. Should have mentioned this earlier in the story.

Also, ****TRIGGER WARNING**** for homophobic-based violence.

Chapter Six: Nicknames & Name-Calling

"Oh... Edward," Margaret Tozier is surprised to see Eddie standing in Richie's room, "I... I didn't realise you were... here." she says with utter bewilderment. She glances at her son who has a look of sheer panic on his face, his body frozen stiff, eyes wide, body language restless, his fingers twitchy and fidgety.

"He... we um, I mean... we just..." Richie stumbles, his heart beating so fast, it makes him feel light headed as he struggles to breathe.

Eddie steps up, straightens his back, smiles confidently and says, "Sorry, Mrs T, I came over last night, I don't think you saw me. You and Mr T were asleep on the couch, I think?" *passed out from booze*, "We stayed up late watching movies, and the night just got away, we must've fallen asleep without realising." He turns to Richie, whose face is as white as a sheet, "Right, Rich?"

Richie is still staring at his mom, Eddie not even entering his radar. His throat constricts as the panic quickly disperses itself through his body. How does this all look? What will the repercussions of this be?

How will his mom react? Will she tell his dad?

"Richie?" Eddie echoes.

Richie blinks back into focus and composes himself quickly, "Yeah, yeah that's right. You and dad were... asleep, and we didn't wanna wake you, so we just came up and watched a movie, and yeah... it got late and..."

Maggie Tozier glances back and forth between the two boys. She senses something is a little off with their behaviour, but doesn't want to think any more about it, doesn't want to let her mind wander too far, for fear of imagining scenarios she does not want to imagine! *Nice normal boys, just a boy's sleepover*, she tells herself.

"Right, well as long as you cleared it with your mother, Edward?"

Eddie begins to nod when Richie cuts in, "It's Eddie, mom, he doesn't like..."

"Don't backchat me in front of your little friend, Richard." *Richard* . Richie fucking hates that as well, and he winces in response.

Eddie feels uncomfortable and wishes he could just grab Richie's hand and run out of the house, run far away where they can be happy and free, without having to answer to the likes of parents. *One day... maybe.*

Richie's whole body sags, his head dipping, eyes hitting the floor. Maggie looks around the room, her mouth twisting in disapproval at how slightly unkempt it is. Totally normal for a teenage boy, of course, but it gives her just the fuel she needs. She can't scold her son for being a disgusting little fag, without proof, but she can certainly exert her authority in ways she masterfully knows how.

"Clean up this mess, will you?" she sneers, "And stop smoking out the Goddamn window. It doesn't hide the smell, you know."

Eddie is trying not to look at Mrs T, an uncomfortable ambience filling the room. He purses his lips shut and stares up at the ceiling to avoid her gaze, wishing to God, or whoever, that she would just leave already.

Maggie takes one last look at the boys before turning on her heel and leaving. Richie only knows she has gone when he hears the door slam shut. He looks up at Eddie, utterly humiliated.

"Shit, Eds, I'm so sorry," Richie takes two steps forward and puts his arms back around Eddie, pulling him into an embrace.

"For what?" Eddie is back where he wants to be, back in Richie's arms, warm and cosy.

"Just... all of that. Her calling you Edward, and... the rest."

"Rich, you don't have to apologise for your mom," Eddie speaks into Richie's neck. He can't fathom why Rich would feel as though it's his fault or that he has any control over something like that, "you're not responsible for her behaviour."

Richie stands tall over Eddie, arms around him, fingers gently stroking his shoulder, the automatic motion of kissing his head, as natural as a mother to her newborn baby. Richie breathes him in and all he wants to do is kiss him forever. He brings his hands down to cup Eddie's face, carefully tipping his chin up so Richie can press his lips into the younger boy's.

Eddie melts into it, emitting delicate moans, his lips exploring Richie's. He loves how soft they feel on him, the warmth of them enough to send a gratifying buzz through his body. "God damn, the things you do to me, Richie Tozier," Eddie moans as he pulls away.

Richie smirks and pulls him back, a quick lick to his own lips to show Eddie that he is not done with him yet. And before they know it, they are making out again and Richie is pushing Eddie towards his bed.

Eddie wants it. He **really** does, but there's that sensible part of him that takes command, causing him to break the kiss, "Rich, c'mon, we gotta go meet the guys."

Richie isn't the least bit interested in following any such commands, his mouth caressing Eddie's neck, ear and cheek as the younger boy tries to resist, Richie's hands roaming the expanse of Eddie's body now. "Screw the guys. Or rather... just let me screw you."

"Ladies and gentlemen, the king of romance." Eddie banters as Richie tongues the dip behind Eddie's ear, making him tremble. He wishes that Richie's mouth didn't feel so fucking good, "Ugh, Jesus Christ Rich, do you want your mom to catch us?"

"I don't care!" Richie is like a rabid animal, his mouth hungry for his lover.

It isn't long before Eddie has to physically push Richie off him, "We've got all the time in the world. Slow it down a bit, yeah?"

"Grrrr" Richie growls in his throat, "How can I? You drive me crazy. You just make me wanna do... all the stuff."

Eddie's heart flips. He wants to do everything with Richie too, of course he does. But he doesn't want it rushed. He wants it sweet and romantic and perfect. Not some quickie with the threat of being caught out, not to mention running late to meet their friends.

Richie tries to go back in for another kiss. This time, Eddie outstretches a hand and holds it firm to stop him coming any closer. "No. I'm putting my foot down."

Richie shrinks back in a sulk before walking over to his dresser to get his cigarette tin. "Fine!" he relents, "but you owe me later, missy." he says as he quickly makes a roll-up for the journey.

"I don't owe you shit! Now move your ass, we gotta go."

"Woah I think I like this new assertive Eds." Richie smiles as he licks and seals his cigarette before putting it safely in his shirt pocket and grabbing his hoodie.

But the smile drains from his face when Eddie shoots him a cold, hard stare. "Stop calling me Eds!" Exasperated, he turns away from Richie, heading for the door. Suddenly, Richie feels bad. It's just a nickname, *what's so wrong about that?* He didn't think it bothered Eddie **that** much. And now he feels stupid. It's Saturday. It's the one day of the week the Losers can all be together and do something fun. It's become a sort of tradition. Saturday. Best day of the week. Richie worries that he's soured the good mood by pissing Eddie off.

But what Eddie will probably never tell Richie is that he secretly **loves** when he calls him cute nicknames. Eds, Eddie Spaghetti, Spaghetti Man, Spaghetti Head. He loves them all. He can't explain it but they make him feel special. Richie doesn't call any of the other Losers by any kind of a nickname and he never has. In this way, it kind of cements for Eddie how long Richie has potentially had feelings for Eddie.

He melts inside whenever Richie chooses to use a nickname. In a way, it's like Richie saying "I love you" and that just makes Eddie feel giddy and elated. What he especially likes about it, particularly now that they've established feelings, is that Richie will probably continue to call him the things he always has, in front of everyone and well, *that's just neat as hell*, Eddie thinks. For Richie to declare his feelings over and over and in plain sight, with no-one else being any the wiser.

But part of the enjoyment for him is keeping those very feelings to himself, to horse around with Richie even if he doesn't know it. He can't think of anyone else in the whole world that he'd rather fight and argue with.

Richie tries not to say anything else that might tick Eddie off. They've just spent such a wonderful evening together, he'd hate to spoil things now. He reasons with himself that he can be a lot to handle, that he's an "acquired taste" as many people have told him in the past. That yeah, Eddie feels the same about him, but maybe that doesn't change the fact that Richie can be an annoying ass-hat. *Just tone it down for a while*, Richie chides himself, *Beep beep, me*.

Richie follows closely behind Eddie as they head out the door, but almost trips up when Eddie stops abruptly, turning unexpectedly, grabbing Richie in a dominant embrace and plants his lips on him, giving him one more passionate kiss before they go. Richie sucks in a deep breath, heart palpitations catching in his chest.

Eddie's tongue massages Richie's and he pulls away, sucking Richie's bottom lip as he goes, his eyes clear and sharp as he stares up at the older boy and smirks, before he drops the tone of his voice, one; so no parents hear anything and two; to add a little sensuality to the situation and whispers, "Don't ever stop calling me Eds." and gives

Richie a filky smirk.

Richie's heart leaps and he's overcome with a whole mass of different emotions; excitement, happiness, arousal, jubilation, absolutely tickled pink that he hasn't cheesed off his Spaghetti Man quite just yet.

The boys traipse down the stairs, giggling as Richie playfully squeezes Eddie's butt. It's Richie's house but Eddie leads the way. They hold hands until they know they'll come into view of anyone. As they come down the stairs, Mrs T is nowhere to be seen, but Richie's dad is sat at the dining table, reading a newspaper, a mug of long forgotten-about lukewarm coffee nearby.

Wentworth Tozier hears his son laughing and the sound gets under his skin, utterly grating on him. Richie's father is not a tolerant man. He has no time for the likes of children's laughter. *Kids should be seen and not heard* , and all that. Richie is eighteen now and Mr Tozier thinks it's high time he got a job and moved out, in all honesty. At his age, Wentworth was in construction, years before finding his true calling in dentistry. He was putting in twelve-hour days, working six days a week, as a man should, not flouncing around town with other boys.

Mr T lowers his newspaper and glares at the boys, a hateful rage stirring inside him at the sight of their closeness. *Disgusting* . Maggie had told him all about what she saw before she left that morning.

*"And I saw them, I swear, I think they were hugging or kissing or something. The way they jumped apart when I came in. I mean, why do that if you've nothing to hide, right? When the fuck did he sneak him in? What were they **doing** up there all night? Tell me, Went, what would two teenage boys be doing alone in that room? I don't even wanna think about it."*

It irked him, of course, but his initial reaction had been to shoot the idea down.

"Eddie's slept over before, Mags, stop gettin' ideas in your head."

"But they haven't done that in years. And you didn't see how close they were." She'd drawn the sign of the cross over herself. "Lord have mercy, if that boy turns out to be a queer... Where did we go wrong, Went? What have we done to deserve this?"

Wentworth assured his wife it was all in her imagination, but he wasn't putting it to rest just yet.

The boys' laughter ceases when they see Wentworth at the table. "Morning, Mr T." Eddie chirps, composing himself.

"Edward." he replies solemnly, eyes glued to Richie as they descend into the living room. They stand uncomfortably for a moment, before Mr Tozier slowly puts his paper down.

"Where are you going?" Wentworth asks as Richie and Eddie try to make their way to the door.

"Uh, out to meet Stan and Bill. Like every Saturday, Dad."

"Edward, please go and wait for Richard outside." Wentworth tells Eddie without breaking his gaze from his son.

Richie and Eddie glance at one another worriedly then back at Mr Tozier. Richie swallows hard and blinks nervously. Eddie is reluctant to go, sensing something awful is about to happen, but he doesn't feel brave or strong enough to do anything other than follow the orders of an adult.

"Go. Now." Wentworth repeats.

Eddie takes one last look at Richie, giving a half smile, hoping it will help in some small way. Richie nods in Eddie's direction, implying a 'thank you' and that he'll meet him in a minute.

Richie watches Eddie walk to the front door, willing time to slow down. If Eddie is never able to leave the house, Richie won't have to deal with his Dad. But time betrays both Richie and Eddie, and a moment later, the door clicks shut, with Eddie on the other side of it, out of Richie's sight or reach.

In a vain attempt to avoid any confrontation Richie walks into the

kitchen to look for a snack of some sort to take with him, all the while babbling cheerily, his heart pounding wildly.

"Nice weather out today, huh Dad? Good day for ridin', we'll probably take our bikes out. Might head down to the barrens," Richie jabbars as he sticks his head in the fridge. His mom buys individual cartons of orange juice, which he likes cos he can just grab and go. He doesn't tend to like hanging around too much in the mornings, often getting to school earlier than he needs to, just to get out of the house.

Wentworth says nothing as he steps closer to Richie who is now crouched over, rummaging in the snack cupboard.

"...maybe do a bit of swimming, might hit the arcades later." Richie closes the cupboard door while stuffing some potato chips and cookies in his pockets. His heart pounds heavier, terrified about the fact his dad hasn't said a word since Eddie stepped out. He swallows hard before standing up and turning around.

He hasn't even time to blink before Wentworth's fist is flying into his face, knocking him backward into the kitchen counters. Richie's glasses fly off and Wentworth couldn't give a shit about them, stepping on them purposely, knowing how much it embarrasses Richie having to wear taped up spectacles, giving the other kids even more fodder to bully his son. *Serves him right. Maybe this'll teach him,* Wentworth thinks.

A burning sensation shoots up Richie's nose and into his head, a warm, wet feeling trickling down his face. *Blood*. Fear and adrenaline pump through Richie's veins as he flounders around the kitchen, trying to escape the clutches of his dad, but the confines of the kitchen work in Wentworth's favour, who grabs Richie by his shirt, dragging his flailing body up off the floor.

A blinding frenzy sweeps through every fibre of Mr Tozier's being, his eyes raging with fury, hands trembling, teeth bared but his jaw clenched tight, pulling Richie right up to his face, snarling, "Disgusting little *fag* !" he spits as he wraps one hand around his son's throat, fingers crushing into his skin, taking all of his bottled up anger, hatred and homophobia out on Richie who is quickly losing

oxygen, face turning purple as Wentworth strangles him.

Rapidly running out of breath, Richie tries to push his father off of him, but Wentworth is too strong and Richie's eyes begin to pop as he chokes.

"Don't you *ever* disrespect me or your mother again in this house, you little queer, YOU HEAR?" he screams in his face.

Of course Richie is unable to answer, and Wentworth knows it. "Do. You. Understand. Me?" he repeats and Richie nods furiously, desperate to appease his father.

Satisfied that he's made his point, Wentworth finally lets go of his son, who coughs and splutters, trying to wipe the blood off his face before he gets on the floor to search for his glasses.

He's been in this situation too many times before. He knows better than to answer back or try to outsmart his dad. He always comes away from the beatings a little more fortunate if he refrains from saying anything. *Stay quiet, be calm, don't react*, he tells himself.

Richie can see the blurred shape of his father's black boots standing before him. He finds his glasses, grateful that somehow the lenses aren't broken, only the frame. At least his mom won't have to shell out any money this time. He can sort them out with some tape, no problem, he figures.

"You can mince around with your little fairy friends all you want, I don't care. You're nothing to me. But you are breaking your mother's heart," Wentworth sneers, "the woman I love! How you can do what you do, to treat your own mother that way is beyond me. You're fucking vile."

Richie glances up at his dad, but quickly gets up to tend to his glasses. His face throbs, particularly close to his left eye, but he gets on with the task at hand so he can just get the hell out.

Mr Tozier quickly tires of the situation, casually returning to his newspaper while Richie finishes sorting his glasses out before going back upstairs to change clothes since his shirt is now spattered with

his blood. He stops in at the bathroom first to clean his face, then goes to his room to change his shirt, rescuing his cigarette and his snacks before fixing his glasses back into place.

This time when he comes down the stairs, he stops for nothing, refusing to acknowledge his father who completely ignores Richie anyway and flies out the door before anything else can transpire.

Eddie sits on the sidewalk waiting not so patiently, twiddling his thumbs, desperate to know if Richie is alright. The front door opens then and out stomps Richie, slamming the door behind him. Eddie stands and rushes forward, noticing his friend is wearing different clothes. He also spots the fresh tape on his glasses.

"Rich! Are you alright, what happened?" Eddie asks, frightened. It's only upon closer inspection that Eddie notices rather a large bruise forming under Richie's eye. Richie says nothing, feeling more humiliated than he could have ever imagined. Eddie puts his hands on Richie's face and begins tearing up. He can't know for sure but suspects he received a beating from his dad.

"What did he DO to you? That fucking animal!" Eddie shouts.

Richie doesn't want to draw any more attention to them. "Shhh" he says as he grabs Eddie's hand and pulls him towards the garage so he can get his bike. "It won't do any good, so just leave it, Eddie."

Eddie. It's rare that Richie ever calls Eddie just that.

"But... he's a monster. Why do you put up with it?!"

"I don't really have a choice," Richie stops in his tracks, facing Eddie head-on, a small gap in the conversation before proceeding, "You don't know what it's like. You've got a mom who loves you."

"Yeah maybe too much. It's suffocating." Richie doesn't respond. He doesn't know what else to say.

"Can we not do the whole '*my life is worse than your life*' thing right now?" Eddie speaks softly, so that he doesn't come across as hostile or aggressive. He knows that's the last thing that Richie needs.

"Can we just go?" Richie asks, his eyes devoid of emotion.

Eddie sees how much his friend is hurting and his heart aches for him and it's worse than any other type of pain he's ever felt. He wishes he could trade places with Richie just so he didn't have to hurt anymore.

Richie is standing over his bike frame, ready to jump on and ride away. Eddie stares at him, his amazing, beautiful Richie and he walks slowly over to him and simply puts his arms around his waist, prolonging the hug for as long as Rich needs. Until it's enough. Until Rich wants to let go.

"You don't have to be afraid. I'm here. No matter what." Eddie whispers and he can hear Richie's heartbeat strong in his ear.

Richie grips Eddie tighter. "Eds..."

"Yeah?"

"Please don't tell the others."

"I won't... But they're not stupid, Rich. They make their own conclusions."

"I guess. Just..."

"My lips are sealed." promises Eddie and he looks up at Richie, desperate to give him a kiss but he refrains for fear of making things worse for him.

"Come on, hop on," Richie says as he backs up onto the seat of his bike, "we'll stop at yours and get your bike."

"But I just wanna ride with you, babe." Eddie jokes as he climbs onto the back.

"You won't be able to keep your hands off me though and I thought we weren't tellin' just yet."

"Always have to get the last word in dontcha, Trashmouth?"

Richie looks back at Eddie, knowing he could prove him wrong by

staying quiet but he does so love having the last word.

"Nooo," he smirks and they both chuckle before Richie sets off, "Hold tight princess, your chariot is here!"

Eddie taps out a message for Bill, "on our way x", presses send and slips his phone back into his pocket before wrapping his arms around Richie, leaning his head against Rich's back, their cares dissipating the further and further they ride away from that house.